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in: Class 0, Levels, Survival Difficulty 0

# Level 134: "Tales of the Sea"



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## Disclaimer

This article features the themes of cancer, homelessness, and death from both of them, too. If that is something you find disturbing or uncomfortable, please skip the intro logs at your own discretion.



## Survival Difficulty: Class 0

» ☐ Safe

» ☐ Security

» ☐ Populated by Harmless Entities

## Description

Level 134's landscape is one that exists as an entirely flat plane of shallow, deep blue water. It is



dotted not only by occasionally permeating dunes of sand that outcrop from the ocean in irregular patches, but also by rusted or rotted ancient sea vessels. Said boats are set in an abandoned, capsized state in the water.

The water always stays at a consistent, low height, experiencing zero changes in height or general movement due to a natural lack of tides. This level's oceans are never dragged in, nor are they moved out. This lack of movement happens despite the existence of a sun, moon, stars, and a general cycle between day and night which would, in most cases, create tides.

The waters stay at a consistent depth of 2ft (0.61 m), only altering when rising up to patches of sand or occasional pockets in which the depth lowers to a hardly noticeable 2 1/2ft deep. The water is a deep shade of cerulean blue and has an element of blue cloudiness in its makeup, which elicits an illusion of far greater depth than what it actually holds. The bed under the water is soft, wet, and relatively firm sand.

Though it is dense enough to hold people's feet in motion and dense enough to hold and partially embed old vessels in its mass, staying in-place for too long has caused the sand to somewhat give way in prior explorations.<sup>[1]</sup>



**The front of an old, capsized ship that is free of the level's inhabitants.**

**Two ships within a dry patch of Level 134.**

Though most of Level 134 comprises of blank, shallow oceans, occasional, small outcrops of sand appear above sea-level. Most of these islands will be no longer than a few meters, though some have occasionally been found that stretch to upwards of 30 to 50 meters from one end to the other. Ultimately, however, these islands are just as barren as the ocean's waters, possessing no life other than the level's natural entities.

## Boats

As briefed at the start of the article, Level 134 is home to a fair collection of old, capsized seafaring vessels that dot and run its surfaces. Existing both in shallow waters and the occasional sand islands, these old boats can usually be found embedded into the ocean and seabed. They are often sunken anywhere from just a few centimetres in, all the way to being buried up to the deck and cabin.

The boats show ageing of around 20 years of neglect and abandonment at the minimum, and are mostly rusted or rotten depending on the build of the ship, or covered in moss and algae if it resides in the ocean. These boats also have questionable structural integrity in their wood or metal construction, regardless of their location.

Boarding the boats is often easy, with most wanderers choosing to use the ships' ladders, ropes, or anchors or otherwise simply scaling its construction without additional aid. The decks of these vessels possess little to the eye, with most being empty of supplies, food, or much else besides nails, rotten rope, and shards of glass. The cockpits are, in most instances, left in a surprisingly pure and untouched condition. However, they are still subject to the same weathering as the exteriors of the vessels. The dials, levers, and buttons that the prototypes of these wrecks carry are coated in the previously described decay that varies depending on where the ship has been abandoned.

The compartments of these crafts contain undamaged, yet aged, components for typical ship engines of their size and calibre. All of these mechanisms have been consumed by rust and age in the same way as the other ships. For ships that are wood-based and would not rely on engines for motive power, the undercarriages will be an extremely sparse space,

sometimes containing empty, musty barrels thrown haphazardly within them.

Ultimately, these boats are virtually as lifeless as the rest of the level, except for the one entity that inhabits these boats.

## After-thoughts

These creatures are humanoid, and come in all forms of builds, weights, genders, and ethnicities that one would expect from people. They possess the outline of clothing like dresses, skirts, shirts, tops, hats, etc, with it all being masked in smoke black that gets more transparent the closer to the centre of the body it is. From this, however, no internal organs or any of their bodies below surface level can be viewed.

These humanoids, dubbed as "After-thoughts", will aimlessly wander the decks and cabins of the crafts they appear on. They're oftentimes found spouting sentences that, upon first glance, may seem to be nothing more than random babble and nonsense. Talking to them is an easy feat, though most speak in a cagey, introverted, and somewhat fearful manner. For the longest time, this was ultimately an unknown phenomenon that occurred with the denizens of this scape. However, after the formation of the M.E.O.D., research started to better understand the After-thoughts.

## Bases, Outposts and Communities

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### ~~M.E.G.~~ M.E.O.D. Operational Outpost 51

While Level 134 has been known about since 2017, an official base by any group was not in its conception until the first few months of 2022 by the M.E.G. at the time of its construction and planning phase. During this, though, the "2022 13.1 Incident" occurred. Following the immediate aftermath of the event, all work on 0051 was ultimately abandoned to focus people and supplies on the investigation of the anomaly. The project only reignited five months later at the formation of the M.E.O.D.

With the added number of groups and people under the wing of this conglomerate organisation, it was decided that one of the first projects to prove the worth of the M.E.O.D. would be to restart the creation of 0051 and the thorough examination of the After-thoughts to confirm or deny theories around them.

Work started in November, with the base construction being completed in December. Currently, it houses 13 inhabitants that originated from both the M.E.G. and the Kalag Institute in order to catalogue and understand what the After-thoughts were.

## Investigation of the After-thoughts

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As stated prior, at the formation of the M.E.O.D., it was chosen for the new heads of the organisation to prove the worth of it to skeptical groups that had yet to join the organisation. As such, using the strength of the former M.E.G., B.N.T.G., some smaller undocumented groups, and loaned help from the at the time unamalgamated Kalag Institute, it was officially found out that the After-thoughts were deceased individuals caught in transit between the level or Frontrooms variant they hailed from, and The Grave.

Through conversing with the newly renamed After-thoughts, it was learned that their babble and nonsense were actually random memories of their lives, which they exposted to themselves over and over again, often times being memories that troubled or shook them in the time that they were alive.

As well as the above information, it was learned that talking to these purgatory-stuck souls aided and benefitted these people on their travels to the beyond. While not all souls that wound up in Level 134 were troubled, upset, or unfulfilled in life, 21 of the 25 initial focus groups were as such. Through speaking to these people and resolving their qualms, the time taken for them to reach The Grave was reduced significantly. It has even been documented that occasional After-thoughts sometimes leave immediately upon being 'enlightened' after their troubles were resolved.

While there are 75 recorded or transcribed interviews and talks with After-thoughts, for the sake of brevity, only two examples of interviews with prior souls have been chosen for this article.

## Sally

Show Interview

Hide Interview

### <Begin Log>

**Time:** 12:00

**Date:** 05/01/2023

**Location:** Level **134**, stood upon an old wooden fishing vessel that was in a beached location.

**Interviewer:** Somalia Hanks

**Interviewee:** "Sally"

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*[At this time, Sally is standing alone at the stern of the ancient sea ship. She was looking down at the sand with her hands together, quietly speaking to herself awkwardly and in a confused, bewildered manner.]*

*[Somalia Hanks, after watching the small spirit, chooses to approach them, tapping their shoulder as they overlooked the boat. Somalia was followed by by Mark Samson, Jane Baker, and Penelope Harveston, with the team being in charge of the camera, audio equipment, and cataloguing respectively.]*

**Somalia Hanks:** Uh, hello? Can we speak to you?

*[Sally seemed to jump a little, gasping in surprise at being spoken to and tapped. Her arms coiled in to hug her stomach, turning around slowly after. Though hard to tell, her brow furrowed as her head tilted up to look at the group, choosing to take a few small, slow steps away from them until her legs hit the wall of the stern.]*

**Sally:** ...Speak with me? Wh-Why? *[Sally asks in a somewhat childish tone and voice.]*

**Somalia Hanks:** We... just want to know more about you, Miss.

*[Miss Hanks briefly looks behind her to check on the other individuals on her group.]*

**Somalia Hanks:** Just a couple questions is all, no harm in it I hope?

**Sally:** Mmmm... I dunno... *you're all pointing things at me, I don't like it.*

*[Miss Hanks sighs quietly, glancing at Ms Baker, with Miss Hanks opting to push away the boom pole away from Sally a slight bit.]*

**Somalia Hanks:** Let's try make this person comfortable, you three. Try stay out of her face.

**Sally:** Oh, um... thanks, there...

*[Sally continued to exhibit clear shows of awkwardness, with Somalia choosing to take a step back from Sally and fan out her arms to move Mr Samson, Ms Baker, and Miss Harveston back with her, choosing to do so purely for the comfort of the After-thought.]*

**Somalia Hanks:** May we ask you these questions, now?

**Sally:** Ah, uhh... okie, Ma'am.

**Somalia Hanks:** Easy one to start, uh... What's your name?

**Sally:** Oh, I can answer that! S-Sally!

**Somalia Hanks:** *Okay, noted...* So, Sally, what are you doing out here? You don't look too old?

**Sally:** N-No, no I'm only 8. And uhh... I dunno? I'm just uh, around... no one to really say hi to...

**Somalia Hanks:** Good thing we're here then, aye kid?

*[Miss Hanks tells Sally in order to comfort her, offering her hand out for them to hold or take.]*

**Sally:** I uh, I guess... are you sure you- you want my hand? My mom said... not to do that.

*[Miss Hanks looks to Miss Harveston, informing her to write down that Sally's use of 'mom' dictates her to most likely be of American descent.]*

**Somalia Hanks:** Really? Well, tell me why Sally. Why is it bad for me to hold your hand?

**Sally:** M-Mom uh, well... She said that what I have s-spreads, blamed it on stuff school gave me or... s-something. Doctors said cancer or whatever isn't contagious, but... I trust my mom more than them.

*[Miss Hanks opened her mouth briefly, allegedly, to rebut Sally's comment. However, Miss Hanks chose to stay silent on the matter, choosing instead to retract her hand back from Sally to make the interview quicker and less confrontational.]*

**Somalia Hanks:** Well, I'll... trust your mom too. What happened to her? Was she around for you?

*[Sally mumbled, hugging her stomach a bit more as her quiet murmurs turned into upset whimpers.]*

**Sally:** *She uh... She w-was sad at me, then angry... th-then stopped coming to the Doctor's place. I didn't... s-see her again.*

**Somalia Hanks:** Why is that? Did she care for you?

**Sally:** Mmmmm... I- I hope so... I wanted her around... wh-when I felt cold... when my head hurt... when I couldn't hear... a-and when things were black... I- *I want her here...*

*[Miss Hanks gave a sympathetic, somewhat mournful sigh, Glancing back at her group with a small shake of her head. Afterwards, she looked towards Sally again and opened her arms up somewhat, proposing a hug for her.]*

**Somalia Hanks:** *Do you need a hug, kid? I don't mind if your stuff's contagious, you sound worth it.*

*[Sally sniffled, scuttling to Miss Hanks and giving her a hug, seemingly starting to sob with her head buried under Miss Hanks' neck.]*

**Somalia Hanks:** *Hey, there there... Look, uh, kid... I'm sorry for what happened to you, and I'm sorry your mom wasn't there for you. But... I'll stick around for you? Just long enough for you to get where you're going*

*[Sally hitched, looking up at Miss Hanks with an upset expression.]*

**Sally:** Where- Where am I going...?

**Somalia Hanks:** Somewhere... way nicer than here, and way nicer than the Doctor's place. It... probably won't have your mom for a while, but it'll have people who will be more than happy to take care of you, Sally. Be there when your mom couldn't be.

*[Miss Hanks looked briefly to her crew, putting her hand along her throat to instruct them to cease the recording.]*

<End Log>

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## Brandon Tetley

Show Interview

Hide Interview

<Begin Log>

**Time:** 16:01

**Date:** 10/05/2023

**Location:** Level **134**, right beside a rusted yacht in the level's water portions.

**Interviewer:** Benson Dropby

**Interviewee:** Brandon Tetley

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*[Before being spoken to, Mr Tetley was idling at the front of the overturned vessel, stood with his back against it. Mr Tetley seemingly had his hands in what appeared to be a tattered, torn hoodie, and was currently witnessing Benson Dropby, Friedrich Adeleke, Katherine Rivers, and Adam Porter.]*

**Brandon Tetley:** H-Hey, who are you all?

*[Mr Tetley's shoulders huddled in as his eyes locked fully on the group, with his arms also beginning to quake from within the pockets of his hoodie.]*

**Benson Dropby:** Hey, no worries... m'kay? Just uh, you know, out and about to explore shit. Wondering if we could ask you a thing or two?

*[Mr Tetley frowned in a defensive, upset look, tilting his head to the side briefly.]*

**Brandon Tetley:** Oh? I don't believe that, s-stay away, all of you. I mean that-

**Benson Dropby:** We can stay at this far distance if it'll help calm your nerves? We're unarmed, untrained in combat, we're like... I don't fucking know, journalists I guess...?

*[Mr Dropby gives an unsure shrug, keeping his eyes locked to Mr Tetley.]*

**Brandon Tetley:** That was a... bad lie, but it's clear I'm not gonna get through to you 'journalists'. Fine- sure. Ask your questions, but don't dare take another step-

*[Mr Dropby raised his eyebrows to the rest of his group in surprise, giving them a shrug when they gave equally confused looks back to him.]*

**Benson Dropby:** First then, Mr Distance Man... What's your name? I can't call you Mr Distance Man.

**Brandon Tetley:** *[Speaking in an annoyed tone, his teeth somewhat gritted.]* Brandon Tetley, ass.

**Benson Dropby:** Okay, no that's good! Thank you! Now, next one. What are you like, doing out here? Can you tell us a little?

**Brandon Tetley:** I'm... not detailing specifics- Just know that I think I died, and now I'm in whatever the hell this place is.

**Benson Dropby:** Honestly, kinda right on the money with that one. You are dead, we know it for a fact. You're like a uh... trapped soul that can't get to what comes after.

*[Mr Tetley seems to freeze upon hearing this information, burying his hands further into his pockets as his head tilted away from the group, looking down to the waters below his feet.]*

**Brandon Tetley:** That's... r-really? You didn't just kidnap me and steal me to... I dunno, the coast of Haverigg or something?

**Benson Dropby:** *The Coast of where-?* Actually, doesn't matter. We didn't steal you, no. As hard as it is to believe, you're just going to have to trust us on it.

*[Mr Tetley's general persona seemed to dwindle and diminish, his arms deflating out of his hoodie pockets.]*

**Brandon Tetley:** ...O-Oh, right... Dead, got it. Yeah, no it... makes sense, had to happen eventually.

**Benson Dropby:** I can understand that's probably a big pill to swallow? It sure would be for me, you know.

**Brandon Tetley:** I guess, whatever. I just wish I did more, is all. Are there any more questions now, whatever your name is?

**Benson Dropby:** Well, I have some set ones, but... what do you mean by that? "Wishing you did more", and all that?

**Brandon Tetley:** I'd prefer it if you stuck to... whatever your pre-planned questions are.

*[Mr Dropby temporarily paused, contemplating briefly to himself, shaking his head.]*

**Benson Dropby:** I could, but this is really just meant to know about you, what went on in your life, and why you're here instead of what comes after. My own questions'll speed up this process ten fold for ya.

**Brandon Tetley:** ...F-fine, fine then, jerk. What did you want to know about again?

**Benson Dropby:** Just about that whole "wanting to do more thing", I've forgotten your exact quote.

**Brandon Tetley:** Right, yeah okay...

*[Mr Tetley took a long, drawn out sigh, kicking his foot lightly into the water]*

**Brandon Tetley:** I wanted more out of life, I guess. I had ambitions, and they... got squandered.

**Benson Dropby:** Squandered how?

*[Mr Tetley frowns and raises his lip to give a bitter, disappointed look to Mr Dropby, rolling his eyes]*

**Brandon Tetley:** Life and circumstance. Both pulled snake eyes on me. No real parents, no real home. All I... Dude, all I wanted was to be a racer. It was a childhood dream at foster homes and orphanages.

**Benson Dropby:** Did ya get far with that dream?

**Brandon Tetley:** ...No, not in the slightest. Barely learned how to drive, never spoke to the right people... Fuck, I never even played any racing games.

**Benson Dropby:** Shit... I'm sorry... can I, uh, ask how you got here?

**Brandon Tetley:** *You mean how I died?*

**Benson Dropby:** Yeah, yeah basically that to be honest. If you're okay with sharing?

**Brandon Tetley:** Some... Some guy, I-I literally didn't know who they just-... They showed up out of nowhere, stabbed me, left me to die on the street. I was there for hours, no help came, no one heard me, I was... a-alone. Alone and unfulfilled...

**Benson Dropby:** Hey, look uh-

*[Though Mr Dropby begins to speak, he's swiftly cut off and interrupted by Mr Tetley. His face morphing into something more upset and troubled]*

**Brandon Tetley:** Do- Do I get another chance in what comes after? It's not just like hell or something, is it? Is my chance to live my dreams over?

**Benson Dropby:** Truth be told? Uh... No clue. I don't know enough about those kind of places personally to tell you. However... I'd like to think there is?

**Brandon Tetley:** Yeah... would be nice, wouldn't it... *I hope your thought is right.*

**Benson Dropby:** Ah, I'm sure it is Brandon! You'll get your chance to be that racer, you've... just gotta leave here to get it.

**Brandon Tetley:** Yeah... sounds easy enough. Thanks, you bunch of idiots.

<End Log>

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## Entrances and Exits

### Entrances

Inside [Level 46](#), a wanderer may occasionally be able to find trapdoors buried into the sandy dunes. Once sufficiently uncovered, they can be used to reach **Level 134**.

As with most of Level 797's exits, holes in the walls along its path can occasionally lead to this level. This is particularly so in more waterlogged and flooded cave systems.

Jumping into the ocean via the "freezers hatch" on Level 880 will wash any individual who did so onto the "shores" of Level 134. Most wanderers materialize specifically on the rims of the small sand islands.

### Exits

By diving into portions of the water that exceed the usual 2ft (0.61 m) depth, one has a slight chance of re-emerging on [Level 121](#).

Although extremely rare, the top ends of escalators are occasional sights within **Level 134** and are entirely functional despite possible water and sand interference. Boarding these escalators and allowing them to noclip oneself through the floor will lead a wanderer to [Level 233](#).

At seemingly random chance, it is possible for the ocean beds to partway and transport those underneath the opening into [Level 499](#)'s ponds and rivers.



Rusted, somewhat oddly placed periscopes within the waters can occasionally rise up from the bed and water. Grabbing onto these and allowing oneself to be pulled under by them will awake oneself on Level 880.

« [Level 133](#) | [Level 134](#) | [Level 135](#) »

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1. [↑](#) Footnotes
- This light, moderate hazard has never once been known to be lethal, with lethal suffocation or trapping presumably needing days to fully transpire.

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